Barton County Democrat.

STOKE AND FEDER, PUBS. AND PROPS.
WILL E. STOKE, EDITOR AND MANAGER.
GREAT BEND, : KANSAS

LOVING WORDS.

Loving words will cost but little,
Journeying up the hill of life;
But they make the weak and weary
Stronger, braver for the strife.
Do you count them only trifles?
What to earth are sun and rain?
Never was a kind word wasted,
Never one was said in vain.

When the cares of life are many,
And its burdens heavy grow,
Think of weak ones close beside you—
If you love them, tell them so.
What you count of little value
Has an almost magic power,
And beneath their cheering sunshine
Hearts will blossom like a flower.

So, as up life's hill we journey,
Let us scatter all the way
Kindly words, for they are sunshine
In the dark and cloudy day.
Grudge no loving word or action
As along through life you go;
There are weary ones around you—
If you love them, tell them so.
—Mollie L. Clayton, in Galveston News.

A KNIGHT OF THE HIGHWAY

By CLINTON SCOLLARD,
Author of "A Man at Arms," "The Son of a Tory," Etc.

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

Rossiter was more than surprised at this spontaneous proposal. He was not accustomed to gratitude, and that he should inspire anyone with enough confidence to suggest such an arrangement struck him with something like amazement. But the more he meditated upon the suggestion the more tempting it was to him. Three weeks and a half had yet to elapse before the first of October. If he should decide to return and accept the offer made by his brother's acquaintance, here was an opening which would enable him to go back with a little money in his pocket, doubtless more than he could earn as a hostler.

"It's mighty good of you to mention such a thing," said he. "Are you sure you really mean it?"

"Mean it!" echoed the young man—"well, I guess!"

"Then I'm with you!" exclaimed Rossiter, surprised the instant he had spoken at his own earnestness and decision.

"My name's Joe Becraft," said the young man, "and this is my brother Jim."

"Mine is Philip Rossiter—Phil, if you like," said the vagabond, and then he was suddenly conscious that he had given his full name for the first time in three years. Ross he had been accustomed to call himself when there was any question of identity.

"Is it a good omen," he asked himself, "or is it but the beginning of another failure?"

CHAPTER III.

OFF FOR THE HOP-FIELDS.

"You see it's like this," Joe Becraft was saying as the three trudged slowly in the blazing sun across the meadow towards the city. "The mill where I've been workin' these six years, an' where Jim's just startin' in, has shut down a month for repairs, so we're gettin' a holiday. Ma always goes pickin' hops, an' Mame—she's my sister—but Jim an' me, we ain't so lucky every year."

"You like it, then?" inquired Rossiter.

"You'd better believe I do. So'd you if you were shut up in a mill all the rest of the time."

"Haven't you a good position?"

"Oh, yes, I'm not kickin'. I'm under-overseer in the cardin'-room. I'll get to be overseer, perhaps, one of these days, an' then—" He broke off. There was a happy look in his eyes and he gave a little laugh, while Jim chuckled audibly.

"What are you snickerin' at, you young jay?" cried his brother, making a pretense of being provoked, and vainly trying to cuff the offender.

The more Rossiter talked with the elder Becraft the more did he grow to respect, if not to admire, him, he was so wholly natural, so independent, so self-poised, and yet so entirely without conceit. He was uneducated, save in a rudimentary way, having been the mainstay of the family for eight years, yet he kept himself informed on the topics of the day, and had his opinions on public affairs, which were more free from bias than the views held by most of those in his station in life. Crude he was, but earnest, frank and warm-hearted, and Rossiter was shamed when he contrasted his own weakness and lack of purpose with this young fellow's unassuming strength.

As the three reached the square beyond the railway tracks, Rossiter noticed that Joe Becraft was beginning to lag and show signs of exhaustion.

"You'd better have a drink of whisky to brace you up," he said.

"A milk-shake will do the business," Becraft replied. "It's too hot for whisky. May be you'd like a nip, though," he added, with a peculiar sidelong glance, which the vagrant caught. It was as though the younger man was surmising what the elder's habits might be.

"Oh, no," Rossiter said, not betraying the fact that he noticed Becraft's scrutiny, "I'm not much on whisky myself. I like a little beer now and again, however."

"Yes, beer ain't bad, but the shake is what I need now. I feel a bit empty."

They stopped at a small corner drug store, where all three had the drink which Joe Becraft craved, though the clerk looked askance when he came to serve Rossiter.

"My mother's waitin' at the Cottage hotel," said the elder Becraft, when they again stood upon the sidewalk. "That's where the hop wagon's to come for us about two o'clock. Now before we go up, for we want you to come along with us, I've got something to propose. You'll take it all right, won't you?"

"Perhaps I know what it is," answered Rossiter, for several times he had seen Becraft furtively regarding his hair and beard.

"Do you?"

"I can guess."

"Well, if that's the case, you ain't a-goin' to mind, are you? You can pay me back, you know."

"You'll trust me to pay you back, then?"

"Trust you to? Why, of course I will. You'll pay me if you've got anythin' to pay with, an' you'll have it all right after a little."

"I don't believe there are many who would take your view of it."

"P'raps not, for, to tell the truth, you ain't what the boys would call 'a swell.' But a shave an' a hair cut'll make a sight of difference. I know of a place close by where we'll go. A chap from our town keeps it."

As they turned from the main thoroughfare, which was called Keneseo street, a puff of warm wind blew a cloud of dust in their faces.

"Thunder!" ejaculated Joe Becraft, "I've swallowed enough nasty stuff for one day. Do you know," he added, "for a decent city, this town is one of the dirtiest goin'! 'Taint as bad as it used to be, but it's plenty bad enough."

Rossiter was not posted in the matter of municipal street-cleaning, so he did not reply to these observations. They had not walked more than a block when they saw a barber's striped pole, and entered a little shop where a dapper young man, with elaborately brushed hair and a not over-clean white duck jacket, was making change for a customer whom he had been shaving.

"Hullo, Joe!" said this individual, "what are you up to?"

"Oh, the mill's shut down for a few weeks, an' I'm off hop-pickin' with the family," answered Becraft. "Friend of mine, here," he continued, indicating Rossiter, "wants you to fix him up."

The barber's attention was for the first time directed to the companion of the Becraft brothers.

"Say——" he began.

"No Jollyin', now," interrupted Joe. "He took an oath a while ago that he wouldn't get a shave or hair cut till you cleaned your streets properly, but he's backed out."

The barber exploded in a guffaw.

"Lucky for him he has," he answered, "unless he means to hire out to Forepaugh or Buffalo Bill as the wild man of Borneo."

While Rossiter's locks were being trimmed and his beard removed, Joe Becraft and his tonsorial friend kept their tongues continually wagging. Their conversation had chiefly to do with the town of their nativity and a certain portion of its inhabitants, and Rossiter listened with not a little inward amusement, for each young man had, in his way, a sense of broad humor that flashed out in their comments upon people. Finally the barber's task was accomplished, and he removed the soiled apron from Rossiter's neck with a flourish and a——

"There you are, sir!"

"Gosh!" Joe Becraft exclaimed, "I wouldn't believe you were the same fellow."

The change in the vagabond's appearance was indeed great. His rather large, clear-cut features showed to an advantage without beard or mustache, and though the lines of his chin indicated a lack of decision, one studying his face for the first time would have said that its possessor was endowed with a strong individuality. His deep brown eyes were laughing and grave by turns. The discontent and bitterness which showed in the expression of his mouth were not to be seen habitually. Dissipation had left no mark upon his countenance, for although at times Rossiter had imbibed freely, he was very far from being a drunkard; indeed, he had no special taste for liquor, and had frequently resorted to it not so much because he craved it as because it took him out of himself.

Becraft produced some silver and paid his townsfellow.

"Its my treat to-day," he explained.

They now retraced their steps to Keneseo street, and followed this thoroughfare until they came to the elaborate lift-bridge spanning the Ontario canal. From time to time Becraft regarded his new friend speculatively.

"Say," he at length broke out, as the three paused and leaned over the railing, idly scanning a steam packet that was moored below, "you've been used to a different sort of life, haven't you?"

Rossiter did not reply at once.

"Yes," he said finally.

"Had an education, an' all that?"

"Yes."

"I thought so. You don't talk like—well, like most of the people I know."

"I'm not aware of any difference."

"Oh, yes, you are. That is, you would be if you'd stop to think about it."

"I got through thinking some time ago, at least I so imagined until lately."

"You know, an education," said Becraft, not heeding Rossiter's last remark, "is something I'm always wishin' I had. It's a great thing."

"I've certainly not done very much with mine," replied the wanderer.

"How'd it happen?"

"It's hard to say. I don't doubt another—you, for instance, would have profited by it, but as for me—" He ended with an expressive shrug of his shoulders.

They continued to look at the steam-packet for several minutes longer, and then resumed their walk towards the Cottage hotel.

"Don't b'lieve we'd better say anythin' about my swimmin' experience to Ma, Jim," observed Joe Becraft, as they left the main street for the narrower thoroughfare where the hotel they sought was situated. "Like as not she'd have a blue fit."

"Bet she would," replied Jim.

"She's pretty nervous about my health sometimes," Joe explained. "You see, father died o' consumption."

"Why should you say anything to her about it?" inquired Rossiter. "Certainly, so far as I am aware, there's not the slightest reason for your doing so."

"Oh, but I want her to know some day what you did for me. I'll tell her about it up in the hop-yard. She won't take on so there. I mean, she won't give it to me quite so strong about bein' careless, an' all that."

"Have it as you will," said Rossiter, "but I should be rather pleased if you made no mention of it whatever."

"I'm goin' to introduce you," said Joe, "as a friend who's done me a good turn. That'll explain our fetchin' you along."

Rossiter now descried in the distance the staring letters—"Cottage Hotel"—above a large and rambling

HE MADE THE DESIRED ALTERATIONS.

wooden building, so he intimated that before he met the mother and sister of his companions he would like to make a slight change in his apparel.

"I've got another shirt in here," he said, displaying his bundle, "that looks more presentable than this one I'm wearing."

"Ma ain't over particular," said Joe, but as Rossiter insisted, they turned up at the side of the hotel and sought the stables, where the vagrant made the desired alteration. He could but smile to himself as he was affecting this, the experience was so novel to him. It was many a long day since he had given much heed to what anyone thought of him.

The hotel stood upon a corner, and on two sides of it there was a wide veranda, at one end of which mother and daughter were sitting. The girl was a plain, shy miss of 17, while the mother proved to be a woman of ample proportions, with a worn but kindly face which showed that her path through life had not been among the roses. Her manner towards Rossiter was at first marked by a decided reserve, but when her son explained that he was indebted to "the gentleman" for a very particular favor, she thawed perceptibly, and later, when Rossiter contrived to compliment Joe while the latter was not listening, she quite beamed upon him, and thereafter the new-comer was fully established in her good graces. Though her experience in the world had been limited, like her elder son she was a person of observation, and treated Rossiter with something akin to deference, detecting in him a superiority of breeding.

It was not long before the clock in the city hall not far distant proclaimed the hour of noon, a fact that was reiterated by sundry whistles of different tones in various parts of the city.

"You might as well be gettin' the lunch out, Mamie," said Mrs. Becraft to her daughter. "I presume the boys are ready for it, we had such an early breakfast."

Rossiter now rose, remarking that he would join them later.

"No, you don't," announced Joe Becraft. "You ain't goin' to run off like that. We've got enough for ourselves an' two or three more. Besides, you'll offend Ma if you skip out when they's any eatin' goin' on. She'll take it as a slight to her cookin'."

There was a general laugh at this, and as Mrs. Becraft assured Rossiter that her son knew her failings, he was without much difficulty persuaded to resume his seat. Mamie Becraft soon emerged from the hotel parlor (thus designated by a little strip of painted tin fastened above the door) bearing a capacious basket, which was found to contain an abundance of bread and butter, doughnuts, and cookies. Joe darted across the way and purchased a bag of peaches from a fruit vender, and then the al fresco feast proceeded with much gusto.

"You see what I have to provide for, Mr. Rossiter," said Mrs. Becraft, smiling at Jim, who was rapidly making away with his fourth fried cake. "But, dear me, their appetite now is nothin' to what it will be when we get into the hop fields. I don't know what Mrs. Merton will say when she sees how her pies an' things disappear. Did you ever hear of the Mertons? It's to their place we are goin', you know."

"He's goin' too," put in Joe.

"Oh, indeed! I didn't understand," said Mrs. Becraft. "I suppose mebbe you're acquainted with the people?"

"No, I'm not," said Rossiter.

"Well, Mr. Merton is one of the largest hop growers near Hintonville. His farm is about 2½ miles from the village."

"You've been there, then?"

"Yes, last year, Mamie an' I, but the boys never have."

Soon others began to arrive at the hotel, and by half-past one as many as 25 people—men, women, boys and girls—had gathered on or about the piazza. A few were acquaintances of Mrs. Becraft and her daughter and there was a slight interchange of talk. A subdued air of expectancy, however, pervaded the company, and the eyes of many, of the male portion more particularly, were constantly turned in the direction of Keneseo street. Just before two there was a cry of "Here he comes!" followed by a general movement towards the railing on the part of those upon the veranda. Over the heads of two boys who had crowded in front of him Rossiter beheld a long wagon with seats running longitudinally, drawn by two powerful horses, moving leisurely towards the hotel. The driver, perched upon a seat considerably higher than the body of the wagon, swayed from one side to another as the clumsy vehicle rattled over the cobble-stone pavement, the smooth asphalt having not yet been laid in front of the Cottage hotel.

"It's Jack Parmelee," Rossiter heard Mamie Becraft say to one of her brothers. "He's Mr. Merton's brother-in-law, an' oversees the farm."

The individual in question, an energetic appearing man of about 45, his hat pushed back upon his head, the dust clinging to his brown beard and causing it to seem flecked with gray, presently pulled his horses up before the hotel and surveyed those gathered upon the sidewalk and veranda.

"All here?" he demanded, his gruff voice sounding as though it might have proceeded from his boots. "Well, pile in!" he added, not giving anyone time to answer. "Any trunks?"

Those who had belongings hastened to load them into the wagon; then there was a good-natured scramble for seats. Rossiter assisted Joe with the two satchels and large basket containing the possessions of the Becraft family, and then found himself seated between the two brothers, with Mrs. Becraft and her daughter opposite.

"All right there?" inquired Jack Parmelee, surveying the load from his superior height with a glow of satisfaction.

"Right!" cried someone.

"Get up!" cried the animated Jehu. The big horses braced themselves; the heavy wagon moved; and the journey to the hop fields was begun.

(To Be Continued.)

FREED FOR MESS OF OYSTERS

How a Russian Serf Obtained His Freedom Although He Could Not Buy It.

M. Schalouchine, father of the well-known Russian bankers, was formerly a serf of Count Schmeremetieff. He had become immensely wealthy through trafficking in grain and sheep, yet he could not obtain his freedom, though he offered to pay the count $250,000 for it, says the Toronto Globe.

One day he went to St. Petersburg on business, and took with him a small barrel of oysters as a present for his master. When he arrived at the hotel he found the count in a very bad humor, because he had ordered oysters for his breakfast and a servant had just informed him that there were none in the market.

"Oh, it's you!" cried the count, when he saw his serf, who was also a millionaire; "and I suppose you've come for your freedom. Well, it's no use; for I've got all the money I want, and so you cannot buy it at any price. I'll make this bargain, however, with you: get me some oysters for my breakfast and I'll set you free."

"Gentlemen, you have heard the count's words," said M. Schalouchine, turning to a few guests who had been invited to breakfast, "and, consequently you can act as witnesses, if necessary."

Then, thanking his master, he stepped into the ante-room and returned a minute later with a barrel of oysters. The count kept his word, and in the presence of his guests, signed the papers setting his serf free; after which he turned to him and said, courteously: "My dear sir, I have just conferred a favor on you, and now I request you to return the compliment by breakfasting with my friends and me."

The Consolations of Faith.

"Auntie, you are the most charitable person I ever saw. You have some excuse for everybody."

"Mebbe I do, child, but you know I allers believed pretty firmly in Satan, and when anything happens I jest blame him instead of my poor fellow-critters."

Friendly Comment.

"This young man," said the proud father, "is my only son."

"And you may well be proud of him," rejoined the aged philosopher, "if he ever amounts to anything."—Chicago Daily News.

SULU'S SPORTY SULTAN.

Is Fond of Racing His Ponies Against Those of the American Army Officers.

After three years of service as a surgeon of the United States army in the Philippines, Dr. E. R. Tenney, of Kansas City, Kan., has returned to his home in that city, reports the Star.

The sultan of Sulu, as described by Dr. Tenney, is hardly the sort of potentate pictured in comic opera. He is a very ordinary individual, who lives in a very ordinary way and does about as all the rest of the Sulus do.

"The Sultan of Sulu assumes control over all the Moros," Dr. Tenney said, "but in reality he has no control over any but those who choose to follow him. I met the sultan on several occasions and was treated very cordially by him. He is not a man of great strength of character or intelligence, but possesses craft and cunning. The greatest man in the sultan's domain is Haji Butu, the prime minister.

"I visited the sultan in his home at Miabon, directly across the island of Sulu from the town of Iolo. It is a very ordinary house—nothing like a great palace—and only a little better than the average native home. He has four legal wives and a fine string of ponies.

"His chief sport is to bring down ponies and race them against the army officers' ponies, with such side attractions as spear dances, accompanied by gongs, tomtoms and native drums. These are the musical instruments of the Sulus, for the Sulus are not a musical people like the Filipinos.

"The sultan sometimes wears European clothes, and while he entertains his guests very nicely after his own fashion, he seldom gives a feast. The datos, or feudal lords, however, sometimes prepare feasts for their guests of sugars, fried bananas, rice cakes, heavy and fried in cocoanut oil, with native chocolate as a beverage. The Sulus are Mohammedans, and they have no intoxicating beverages. They chew the betel nut, which blackens the teeth and takes the place of tobacco and an important part of the sulu's outfit is a betel nut box borne by a slave. The women are permitted to chew the betel nut after they are married, and they marry at from 14 to 18 years of age.

THE SOLEMNITY OF SLEEP.

Filipinos Are Very Reluctant to Awaken a Person Even When Ordered to Do So.

"There is one thing about life in the Philippines that a lazy man finds agreeable, if he is not in the army," said a retired soldier, to a New York Times man, "and that is the way in which he is allowed to sleep at all times and in all places undisturbed. The Tired Tims of the great race of tramps would find the islands a Paradise in this respect.

"One of the rudest acts in the estimation of the native is to step over a sleeping person, or in any way interfere with his repose. Sleeping, with them, is a very important matter, and is invested with solemnity, almost. They are strongly averse to waking a sleeper, as they hold the idea that during sleep the soul is absent from the body, and if they suddenly call you from sleep the soul may not have time to return to its tenement, the body. There are blood-curdling legends of men who have revenged themselves upon their enemies by thus exiling their souls.

"If you would call upon a native and you are told that he is asleep, you may as well go about your other business, for you will not get to him until, at his own good time, he awakens.

"When you go to sleep, in order to get a servant to arouse you at a certain time, you must give him the strictest orders to that effect before you turn in. Then, if he obeys you at all, he will stand by your side and whisper: 'Senor! Senor!' repeating the word a little louder each time until you are half awake, when he will go back to the low note, and again gradually raise his voice until you are fully conscious. It is an ideal way in which to be called from sleep, if you are in no hurry, and a man should never be in a hurry in the Philippines; the climate is not adapted to activity. But it surely is a great place to sleep."

THE CARRYING OF ARMS.

Privilege Will Be Granted in the Philippines Under Certain Conditions.

Civilians in the Philippines have the privilege of carrying arms under certain conditions, says the Washington Star. Under a law enacted by the Philippine commission, the civil governor, the chief of constabulary, the governors of the provinces and the inspectors of constabulary may authorize, in writing "any resident of the province to purchase or receive a gun or revolver, or both, when satisfied that the person so purchasing, receiving and having custody of the gun or revolver needs it for his reasonable protection or will use it for hunting or other lawful purposes only." It is provided, further, that "any person not connected with the army or navy of the United States, or otherwise authorized by law, having in his custody a gun or revolver or other firearm, or ammunition for the same, who shall not have the license under this section provided, shall be punished by a fine not exceeding $1,000 and imprisonment not exceeding one year and one day."

In order to prevent unauthorized possession of firearms by civilian employes of the army under color of the authority derived from the act in question, the commanding general of the division of the Philippines has issued a general order on the subject, in which he says that commanding officers of stations will issue permits for definite periods to such teamsters or other civilian employes to whom such arms are absolutely essetnial in the performance of military duty.

SPORTS AND ATHLETICS

The recent victory of Walter E. Egan at Cleveland, where he won the title of western amateur golf champion, was gratifying to a large number of golfers because Walter has been near championships so often but failed in the final rounds. He has been the runner up twice in the western, and last year he reached the semi-finals in the national tourney at Glen View. He was the runner up in the western event in 1899, being defeated by D. R. Forgan in the final round, 6 up and 5 to play. In 1902 he was again runner up, and was defeated in the final round by his cousin Chandler by 1 up in an extra hole match. This year Chandler again defeated him in the final round for the Exmoor cup, and at the Onwentsia open tournament he was put out in the final match by Roswell Mundy, of Riverside, for the Ravinoaks cup. He again worked his way into the final round for the western championship, but as he had been defeated by Chandler so many times few thought he would win, but he managed to reverse the history of last year and win in an extra hole contest.

Walter E. Egan

Dr. J. Lee Richmond, of Toledo, O., made a good showing in the tournament. Dr. Richmond became famous in a day some 25 years ago by pitching the old Chicago white stockings out without a run, hit, or "reach first base" in an exhibition game with the Worcester (Mass.) team. Richmond was a Brown university student at the time and had been called up from Providence by telegram to pitch the game. One result of Richmond's showing was that Worcester entered the National league the ensuing season, but there Richmond met with only indifferent success and soon retired from baseball. He tried it again in 1887 with one of the old American association teams, but did not achieve success. Richmond is now a successful physician.

James Collins, better known to baseball enthusiasts as "Jimmy" Collins, the captain and third baseman of the Boston Americans, and one of the best players in the profession to-day, believes that a rule should be enforced that would compel pitchers to cut out useless motions in the delivery of the ball to the batsmen. Collins says that these motions constitute a balk in most instances, but that umpires do not enforce the rule.

James Collins

"Motions such as the bending of the knee, the throwing forward of the body, the swinging of the arms and all kinds of business," declares the Plymouth Rock player, "are done with the evident purpose of deceiving base runners. They certainly don't help the pitcher to get any more speed on the ball or better curves. There is no doubt on earth that base running is hurt by the practices. The runner who gets on first doesn't dare take a lead if he knows the pitcher has a good balk motion—for a balk is what the motion is. There has been a lot of comment regarding the apparent falling off in base stealing this season. The reason is apparent. Runners don't dare take a long enough lead for fear of being caught on a false motion by the pitcher. I believe that pitchers should be made to deliver the ball to the batsman after he takes his position without all these motions."

The tour of the Philadelphia cricketers in England and Scotland which finished recently reflects much credit on the players and on the game in Philadelphia. From a comparatively small number of players a team has been found capable of giving most of the first class counties of England a hard battle and of defeating several of them. Even the Englishmen are loud in their praises of the prowess of the visitors, and some of the players are counted good enough to make a place on any team in England. The tourists won more than half their matches and several were drawn. Cricket, in spite of the fun poked at it on this side of the water, is essentially a game of skill and science and takes a number of years to master. With their limited opportunities the Philadelphia players have certainly made a grand showing, and it is within the bounds of reason that within a few years England may have reason to produce its best eleven to take the measure of the United States team.

Water Boy, the great son of Watercress, upheld the honor of the east against all comers by winning the rich and coveted Saratoga handicap, the feature of the opening day of racing at the springs, in masterly fashion. The victory was won in the presence of 10,000 racing enthusiasts.

HARRY MARTIN.

Gave Her Just One Look.

He—Did you notice that woman that just passed?

She—What, the one with the dyed hair and false teeth, and nasty ready-made clothes on, all tied up with ribbons and things? No, I didn't notice her particularly.—Tit-Bits

A Real Hero.

Cougar—In my opinion, Dr. Doser is the highest type of a hero.

Robbin—What has he done?

"What is he doing, you mean. Why, he takes his own medicine."—Yonkers Statesman.